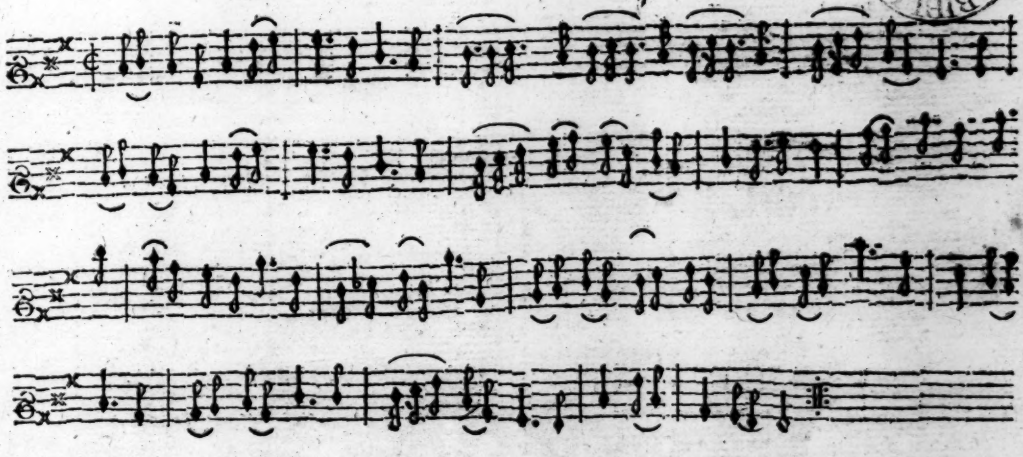
Pretty *KATE* of *Edenborough.*

BEING

A New Scotch SONG,

Sung to the KING at *Windſor.*

BODLEIANA



I.

Juſt when the young and blooming Spring,
had melted down the Winter Snow,
And in the Grove the Birds did ſing
their charming Notes on ev'ry Bough:
Poor *Willy* ſate bemoaning his fate,
and woful ſtate,
For loving, loving, loving,
and deſpairing too;
Alas! he'd cry, that I muſt dye,
for pretty Kate *of* Edenbrough.

II.

Willy was late at a Wedding-Houſe,
where Lords and Ladies danc'd all arow,
But *Willy* none ſo pretty a Laſs,
as bonny *Kate* of *Edenbrough*:
Her bright Eyes, with ſmiling joys,
did ſo ſurprize;
And ſomething, ſomething, ſomething
elſe that ſhot him through:
Thus *Willy* lies, entranc'd in joys,
with pretty Kate of *Edenbrough.*

III.

The God of Love was *Willy*'s Friend,
and caſt an eye of pitty down,
And ſtraight a fatal Dart did ſend,
the cruel Virgins heart to wound:
Now every Dream is all of him,
who ſtill does ſeem
More lovely, lovely, lovely,
ſince the Marriage Vow:
Thus *Willy* lies, entranc'd in joys,
with pretty Kate *of* Edenbrough.

IV.

Now *Willy* thinks his Happineſs,
all other Creatures do exceed,
His Tongue cannot his joys expreſs,
ſince *Kate* and he are well agreed:
Both day and night, her beauty bright,
is his Delight,
And nothing, nothing, nothing
elſe can *Willy* do,
But ſound her fame, and praiſe the Name,
of pretty Kate *of* Edenbrough.

V.

Cupid with his love doth bleſs,
granting him his hearts deſire,
He does continually expreſs,
how that his heart is all on fire:
He feels no pains, amidſt his Chains,
but ſtill remains
A wounded, wounded, wounded
lover firm and true;
And all his prate, is now of late,
of pretty Kate *of* Edenbrough.

VI.

He ſwears her eyes are full of Charms,
enough to conquer all the world,
Her ſmiles ſecure him from all harms,
her Locks they are ſo neatly curl'd:
That in his mind, he ne'r ſhall find
ſince ſhe proves kind,
A Lover, Lover, Lover,
like his *Katy* true;
And doth expreſs his happineſs,
in pretty Kate *of* Edenbrough.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the *Harp* and *Ball* in *Pye-Corner*, near *Weſt-Smithfield.*